

the king kindly, as he followed down the hall; "but you would insist on having it."

"Mr. Jimmy has been very good to me," mumbled Amyah, apologetically, and returned to the king's room to straighten up his bed, so that it would be fresh when he came back to it.

Jimmy was still laughing when the king arrived, and with a sublime disregard of his still aching bruises, he had pushed the library table under the big central light, and was spreading upon it writing materials and some papers.

"I have some startling news for you," he stated. "Wahanita's tower has just been blown up! Dymp Haplee tells me you couldn't find enough of it to sand the floor of a bird cage. Do you mind if I dress?"

"Certainly not," assented the king with mechanical graciousness, but plumped into a chair, still hugging his armful of clothes, and batted his eyes, while he thought over this act of vandalism.

"Does he know who did it?"

"A mob, variously estimated at from one to five thousand people," stated Jimmy, pulling on his socks. "Dymp says it's the power of the press. He's tickled stiff."

"I don't understand it," puzzled the king, rising, and pulling on a pair of trousers he had found in the bunch of clothing he had brought along. "It is an act of public defiance."